

SLAMMIN' SAM SNEAD
1951 PGA Champion
See Page 12

LATE SUMMER • 1951

VOL. 2



NO. 9

Editorial Offices:

431 Howard St., Detroit 31, Mich.

*Published by and distributed with
the compliments of your
Nash Dealer.*

COPYRIGHT 1951 • NASH MOTORS
DIVISION OF NASH-KELVINATOR CORP.

FEATURED IN THIS ISSUE

Ethicon Kennel Club	Page 4
World's Largest Game Bird Refuge ..	Page 8
WHO'S WHO Among Nash Owners	Pages 11, 19, 23
"Slammin' Sam"	Page 12
Favorite Eating Place	Page 18
Atomic Police	Page 20
Smiles Along the Road	Page 24
Golden Midgets	Page 26
Helpful Hints from Nash Owners ..	Page 28





These little people trot off to school, confident that grown-ups will be alert and careful that no harm may come to them. Safe driving and safe cars are the most effective means of saving children's lives. Let's all cooperate

CONSULTANT



*Oh—
Doctor!*

THE ETHICON KENNEL CLUB



INCOMING INTERNE STAFF

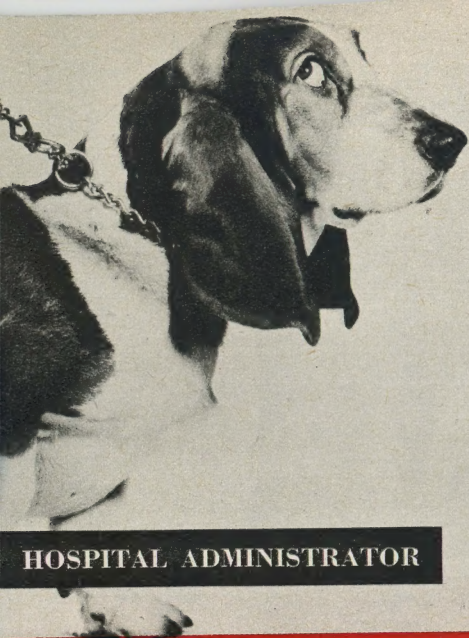


CLINIC

Here are 12 of the 21 pictures of "Man's Best Friend" shown in the "Ethicon Kennel Club," published by Ethicon Suture Laboratories, Inc., New Brunswick, N.J. It was called to our attention by several doctors who are Nash Owners—and is reproduced by permission of Ethicon. See if you agree with the assigned medical classifications



DERMATOLOGIST

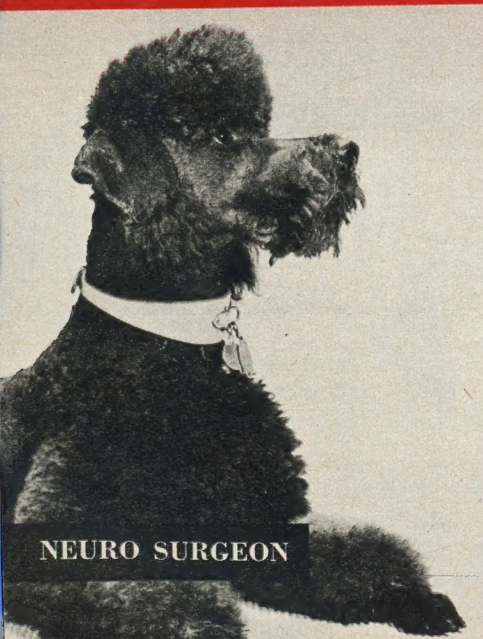


HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATOR

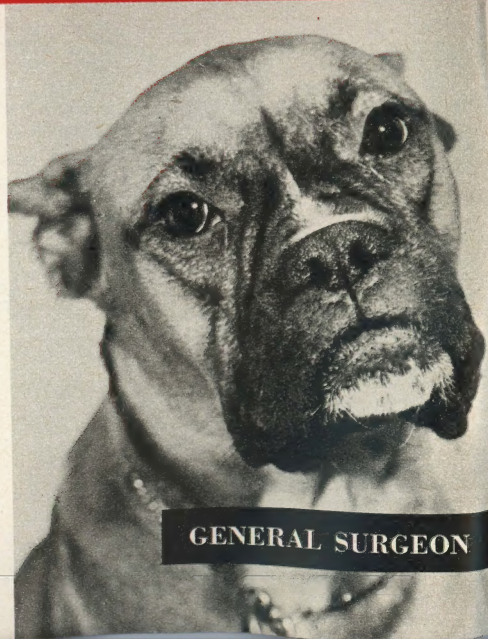


RESEARCH

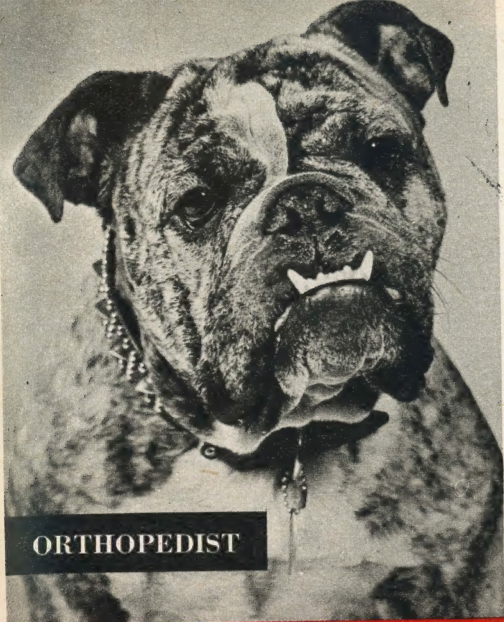
Free copies of the complete booklet are available to members of the nursing, hospital and medical professions on request to Ethicon Suture Laboratories



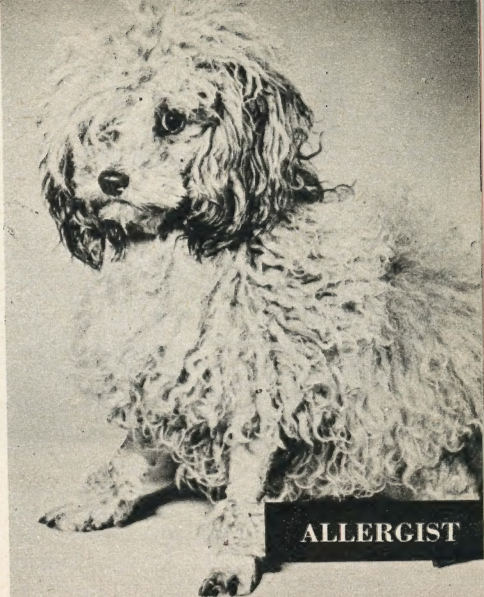
NEURO SURGEON



GENERAL SURGEON

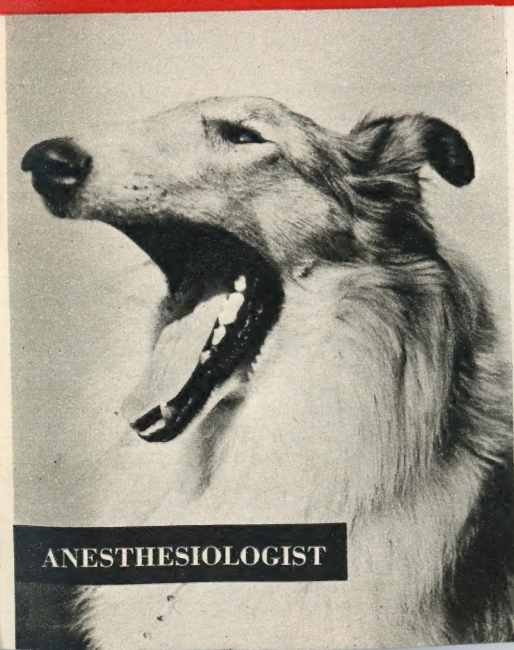


ORTHOPEDIST

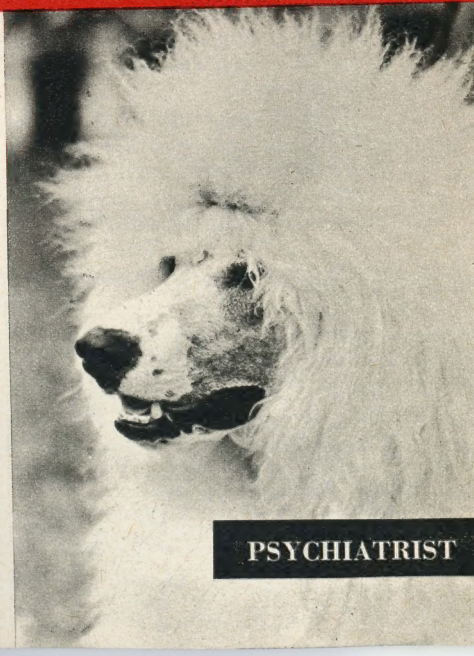


ALLERGIST

Leading photographers Bob Hanks, New York; Harold Lambert, Philadelphia, and Kay Simmon, New York, took the pictures of the dogs



ANESTHESIOLOGIST



PSYCHIATRIST



WORLD'S LARGEST *Game Bird* REFUGE

By GRACE V. SHARRITT

The noise is deafening at Bear River Migratory Bird Refuge in Box Elder County, Utah. It is deafening but sweetly wonderful to ears hungry for duck calls, geese cackling, and the screams and wild cries from a million feathered throats.

You frantically wish for eyes all over your head, so that you might see all of the wonderful, glorious sights of birds wheeling, dipping, flapping, swimming, diving, and other delightful stunts while massed in migration.

Whether you view this marvelous wildlife spectacle with the eye of a sportsman, camera-hound, or just an esthetic traveler, you will be enchanted and thrilled with this great

western country of the Wasatch and Promontory Mountains, with its marshes and water, and alkali.

As long ago as 1828, Jim Bridger, claimed to be the first white man to see the Great Salt Lake, reported millions of geese and ducks at the mouth of the Bear River in Northern Utah. John Charles Fremont, intrepid explorer of the early West, wrote in 1843 of the noise like thunder that came from the delta of the Bear River where birds made black clouds in the skies. In the autumn of 1849, Captain Stansbury described looking over Bear River Bay that was covered with immense flocks of ducks, geese and swans as far as the eye could reach.

Thousands upon thousands of ducks, geese and shore birds are at home on Bear River Migratory Bird Refuge





Snow geese from the Arctic are only one of the 170 different kinds of birds at the famed Refuge

But by 1850 the Indians were yielding their hunting grounds to the colonization of the white man. Those adventurers of the mid-nineteenth century, the gold-rushers, fur trappers, and homesteaders had discovered a new land full of promise.

Bear River was diverted for irrigation. Heading in the Uinta Mountains, it supplied water along its 600-mile length through Wyoming, Utah and Idaho, where it finally emptied in the Great Salt Lake.

As a result, a prolific wildlife source was depleted. Just as the Passenger Pigeons were decimated in the East and Midwest, so was the waterfowl of the Bear River Delta exploited. It has been reported that between the years 1877 and 1900, 200,000 ducks were killed annually, on the Bear River marshes for the eastern markets.

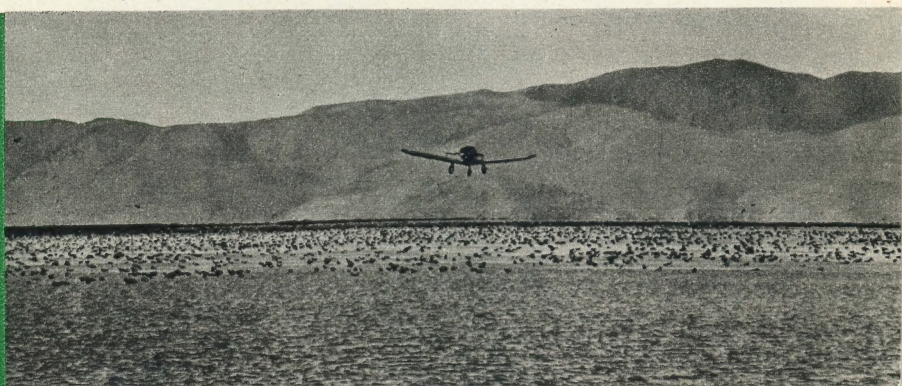
Then disaster inevitably visited these lush breeding grounds of the Honkers, the Redheads and Pintails. As the water disappeared, drying up large expanses of the marshes, a serious malady struck the birds. It was so deadly it killed over half a million ducks, geese, and shore birds.

The disease, now known as Western Duck Sickness, was undetermined, but attributed largely to the lack of fresh water, and saline poisoning.

Then in 1928, the Bear River Migratory Bird Refuge was established by a Special Act of Congress, on the delta land of the Bear River where it enters Great Salt Lake. The Refuge was created primarily for the protection and propagation of bird life, particularly

(continued on page 10)

An estimate of the bird population on the 64,000-acre refuge is made from an airplane twice a month throughout the year





Pintails, shown here, lead in numbers killed each autumn during duck-hunting season. Green Winged Teals are second, and Shovelers, third

(continued from page 9)

shore birds and waterfowl, and to curb the heavy losses from Western Duck Sickness.

The 64,000-acre refuge is divided into five independent units. Each unit contains about 5,000 acres of land. The flooding, or holding, of water within the units is accomplished by heavy, earthen dikes. To regulate the river-flow and to divert the water into the various units, a dam was built across the river. There are about 50 water control structures of various sizes that regulate the water supply through canals and channels. Although Western Duck Sickness is still an enemy, it has been successfully attacked.

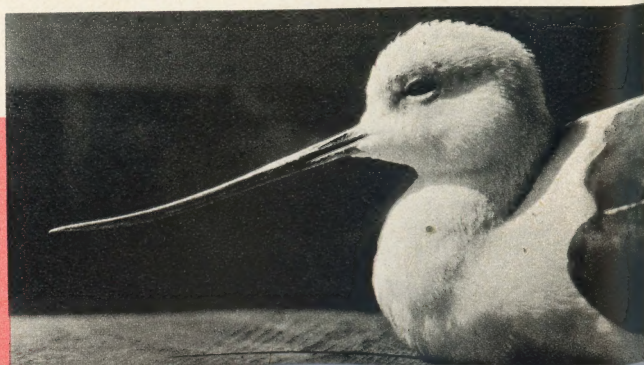
The dikes vary from two to six feet in height, with graveled beach lines and roadways. The outside dike is about 20 miles in length, constructed in a semi-circle around the river delta. Twelve miles of these graveled roads are open

the year around to sightseeing.

Within 15 years after the creation of the world's largest game bird refuge, there was a heartening increase in bird life. The Canada Geese were coming back by the hundreds, and then thousands. Ducks by the thousands were using the marshes as resting and feeding places in spring and fall migrations. Shore birds had returned, along with terns, gulls, long-legged egrets and long-billed curlews.

Today, Bear River Refuge is crowded with 170 species of birds, from white Pelicans to tiny Marsh Wrens and from Whistling Swans to Grebes. At one count, 2 million birds were polled in September at the peak of migration! And this figure was considered low. The exact numbers are never likely to be known, but without doubt they would be a staggering figure.

The slightly upturned bill of the Avocet is a distinctive characteristic of this black - and - white, long-legged bird





MR. R. L. ODLAND, Sr.

Beach, North Dakota



One can well understand why Mr. R. L. Odland of Beach, North Dakota, is such an outstanding figure in Golden Valley County.

In 1906, Mr. Odland homesteaded in this county, and since then he has been interested in civic affairs. On January 1, 1951, he completed 34 years as County Commissioner. He is a member of the North Dakota Public Welfare Board.

Along with attending to civic duties, Mr. Odland is kept busy on his 1,920-acre farm, located 12 miles north of Beach, N.D., on State Highway 18. He raises wheat and cattle.

One of Mr. Odland's hobbies is maintaining his own farm machin-

ery. He has a complete machine shop, and spends many hours in it.

The Odland Dam on his farm covers 750 acres of land, and has been stocked with many fish—blue gills, sunfish, bass, and crappies. It is the only dam for miles around, and during the summer crowds of people gather there to fish.

The Odland family has recently completed a summer cottage along the shore of the dam, and now spend many happy hours there.

Mr. Odland's first car was a 1910 Rambler, which he still owns. Since that time, he has owned 14 different models of Nash cars. At the present, he is driving a 1948 model, and owns three other Nash cars—1935, 1942, and 1947.



"Glammin' Sam"

----- who's  who

by MARSHALL DANN, *Golf Authority*, The Detroit Free Press

His putter had let him down—and he was six strokes off the pace without a chance of winning the 1951 National Open. It was the final round . . . and he didn't stand to land among the first five.

But you wouldn't believe that he was out of the running, for following on his heels was a huge gallery that "oh'd and ah'd" his every shot.

Yes, there's a certain touch of magic in P.G.A. Champion Sam

Snead, whose Nash Rambler Convertible is a familiar sight at every major golf event. That magic lies in his miraculous power—the beautiful rhythm of his swing—in his incredible shots from trouble.

One of the nation's greatest golf authorities, watching Sam Snead hit a shot, said: "There's not another swing like his—and never has been. There isn't a golfer in the world who wouldn't steal it if he could."

Newspaper sports writers have played up some of Sam's spectacular "blow-ups" to the point where some sports fans might overlook his successes. No other golfer hit the top of his game so quickly—or kept on top so long. He is

Sam Snead's Nash Rambler Convertible is a familiar sight at major golf events



the man to beat in every tournament he enters. If he doesn't win, it's news!

Snead's start in golf was so romantic that it has become one of the game's quaintest legends—the story of the mountaineer lad who cut crooked sticks with his jack-knife and used them to larrup stones around the hillsides. His natural adeptness prompted an older brother to give him a cast-off golf club, and a star was born.

While there might be just a touch of fiction in that tale, there's nothing but hard facts in the record book to tell what happened later. Once the determined ex-caddie strayed out of his native hills, he became one of golf's most popular personalities and the most consistent winner in the annual romp around golf's golden circuit.

The fans like Sam and always have since he first was unveiled on tour in 1937. He attracts them with his tremendous drives which are the longest in the game, entertains them with droll wisecracks, and keeps them in perpetual suspense wondering if he can maintain his blistering pace.

Sam has a sense of humor that allows him to go along with the gag about his putting ailments. "Sometimes I have putting yips, and sometimes they're so loud that they're really yaps, and sometimes I kick those yips so hard they shut up altogether," he says. The truth is, his brother pros regard him as one of the game's better putters.

He has won 66 major tournaments, including every big one outside of the Open—the Masters, the

(continued on page 14)



(continued from page 13)

British Open, the World's championship and then his third PGA crown in July at Oakmont. Going into the final match, he was seventeen strokes under par. He then climaxed his sensational performance by beating Wally Burkemo seven up in the final.

Golf experts and his fellow pros speak of him fondly. To them his swing, so natural and graceful and powerful, is a sight of sheer delight. It is the greatest swing in golf. And, his record explains the rest.

He has been a member of six straight U. S. Ryder Cup teams, including the one which will battle the British this fall. Three times he has won the Vardon Trophy for posting the lowest stroke average, his 69.37 in 1950 being a full stroke

better than his nearest rival.

Probably the most persuasive proof of Snead's greatness is his estimable status in the financial end of golf. His \$35,758.83 winnings last year were an all-time record for collecting prize money. It was the third time he'd led the lineup at the cashier's window and the eighth time in 14 years that he had been among the first five.

According to his fellow pros, Sam quickly cashes all prize checks and buries the money in tin cans back in the mountains.

"That's just a crazy story, and I wish they'd stop saying such things," Sam complains. "First thing you know some fool is going to come around and start digging for money in my backyard—and he might find it."

Here shown blasting out of a sand trap, Snead is noted for his incredible ability to shoot his way out of trouble





CAUSES AND QUICK CURES FOR COMMON FAULTS

(Pages 71 and 72 of "HOW TO HIT A GOLF BALL" by Slammin' Sam Snead. The book may be purchased at all book stores, or direct from Hall Publishing Co., East Lansing, Mich.)

Here are a few ways quickly to check yourself up when a fault suddenly develops in your game. The reason may be found in the list below. But it may well be because of some entirely different error you have fallen into—or a combination of them. So, if the fault persists, don't waste time. Have a pro check your game right away. He'll probably straighten you out in a jiffy.

SHANKING—This is caused by a hurried backswing and downswing and also by forcing extra distance from a club. To avoid this, take your time in swinging, keep your wrists and arms relaxed and don't press the shot. Keep the hands in close to the body on the swing.

PUSHING—Chief reason for pushing a shot is an incorrect stance. The pushed shot travels in a straight line but to the right of the intended line. Check your stance—it may be closed too much. Use a square stance.

PULLING—This is the opposite of pushing. Here, your stance is probably too open.

TOPPING—This aggravating habit comes from several sources. When the golfer tries to scoop the ball into the air with the club, he generally applies body action or wrist action which draws the clubhead out of its intended path. Thus, the club strikes the ball on the upswing, resulting in a topped shot. Don't scoop the ball—let the loft of the club face lift the ball for you.

WHIFFING—When you miss the ball entirely, you probably lifted your head too soon. This is an aggravated case of topping in which you don't even touch the ball. Keep your swing in its smooth pattern

and keep your head down and your eye on the ball.

SCUFFING—The common cause for scuffing is an attempt—conscious or otherwise—to scoop the ball up into the air. The result is a striking of the ground behind the ball first and then hitting the ball. The cure is to hit the ball "on the downswing" and let the club face do the lifting.

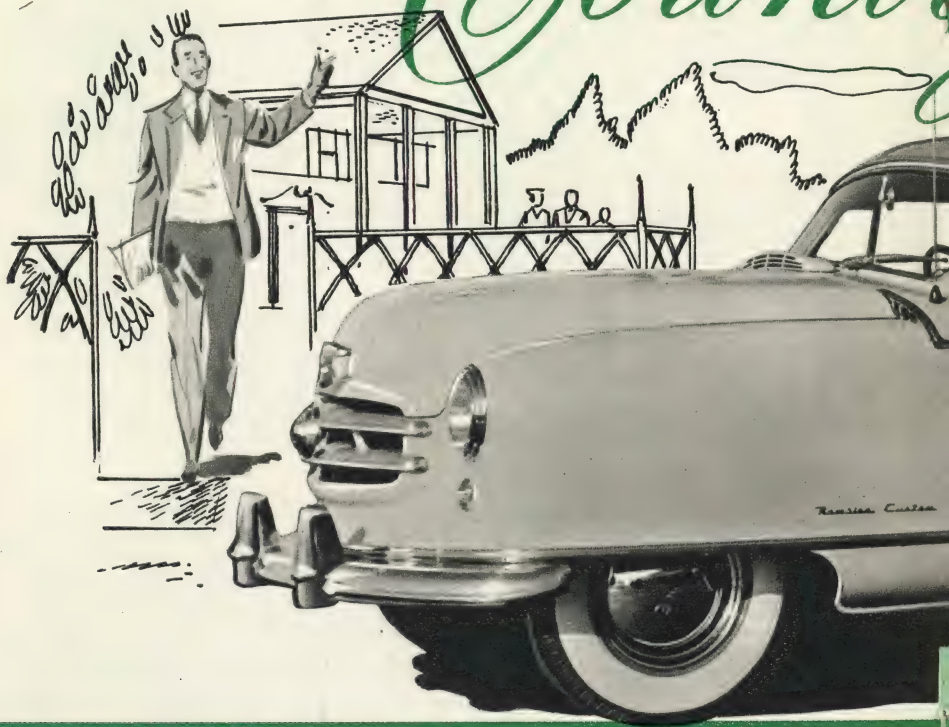
SLICING—The most common cause of slicing is drawing the clubhead across the ball from the outside in. This is in turn caused by too wide a stance or too weak a left hand. Check your stance before addressing the ball; see that the clubhead is started back inside the line; make certain your left side is completing the turn with the weight shifted to the right leg on the backswing; keep the left hand and arm dominating the backswing and start of the downswing. Check your grip.

HOOKING—A hook is produced when the club face is drawn across the ball from the inside out. Check your grip and stance. Make sure you are not adopting any of the habits of the intentional hook. Open your stance slightly and make sure the left hand is not throwing the club away from the body on the downswing.

The Rambler

“

Country Club

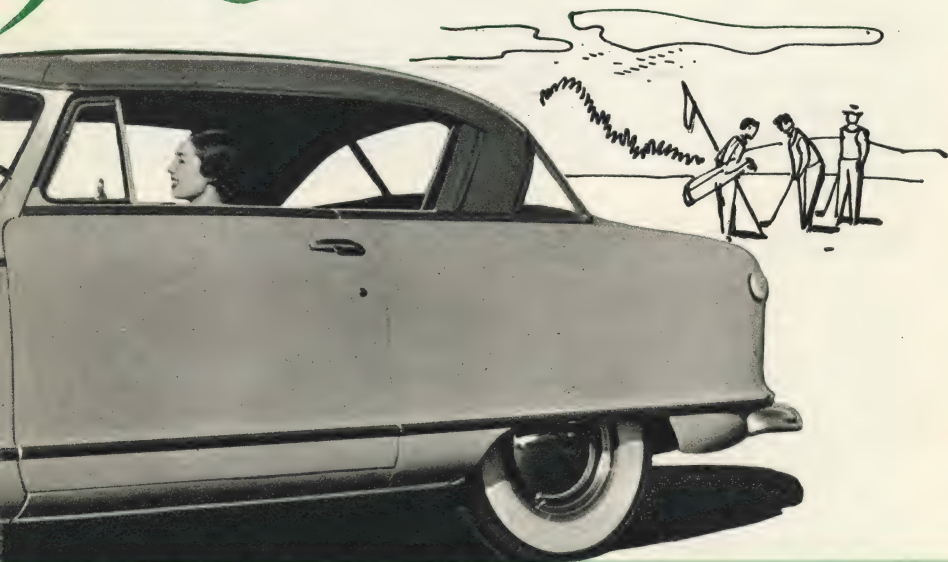


Eye-level visibility all around is featured, with more than 17 feet of clear glass including a curved one-piece windshield. The interior is styled in luxurious new fabrics.

Besides room for six passengers, the "Country Club" has a 14½ cubic foot luggage compartment. The curved 3-section rear-window has an area of 5½ square feet.



Country Club"



Nash Motors' Rambler "Country Club" hardtop convertible is a completely new luxury model with huge "full-vision" windows. The trim luxurious sedan, styled like a convertible, has integrated "Air-flyte" construction with the added safety of an all-steel top. Design of front, side and rear windows gives increased visibility. Styling is highlighted with sweeping front-to-rear fender lines, broad, low hood for increased visibility and a low center of gravity.

The factory delivered price includes about \$300 worth of custom appointments, such as: Weather Eye conditioned air system, radio, special upholstery, electric clock, courtesy lights, directional signals, foam cushions and other deluxe features.



RED BRYAN'S SMOKEHOUSE...Dallas, Texas

"Let's all go to Red Bryan's!" has become a favorite chant among residents of Dallas and their guests. Here, jovial, William Jennings "Red" Bryan holds forth as king of the barbecuers.

Big Red, in his new rustic, ranch style dining establishment serves a toothsome basket of barbecued spare ribs "in the raw" that will leave you declaring solemnly that you won't need to eat for a week.

Just name the meat and Red has it ready . . . whole chickens, choice pork, or juicy hams with savory sauce that tingles.

And therein lies the secret of Red's success—it's the barbecue sauce, straight from the range country with all the spice and flavor of the wide open spaces. Red has blended and mellowed the tangy stuff to suit urban tastes, and the customers always come for more.

Bryan's Smokehouse, as it is known, is fast becoming the meeting place of out-of-town guests who

want to taste southern style barbecue as it is supposed to taste. The four-room dining establishment with its cattle scene murals, ox yoke benches, and wagon wheel chandeliers is saturated with informality and friendly good cheer.

Barbecuing came natural to Red as he watched his father prepare tons of tasty beef while working for various eating places in Dallas. But Red wanted his own place. So in the blackest days of the depression — 1930 — the Smokehouse had its humble beginning in a sheet metal shack on Jefferson Avenue. Today that same property with its new rambling ranch style building is valued at over \$200,000!

It's crowded at the Smokehouse from morning 'til midnight, and the doors are closed only five hours . . . from 1 a.m. until six a.m.

For atmosphere, friendliness, and the best barbecue in the Southwest, be sure to look up Red Bryan and his Smokehouse.

who's who



MR. J. W. HAYLES
Cleveland, Miss.



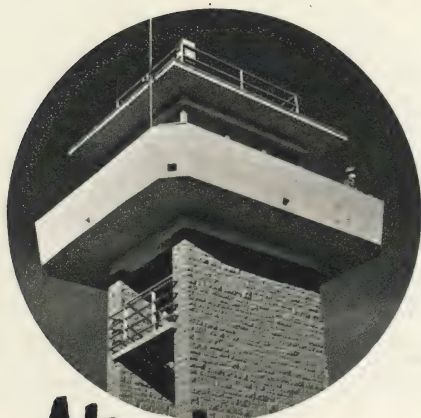
Deep in the heart of Dixie, and squarely in the center of the Mississippi Delta, world's foremost cotton-producing section, Mr. J. W. Hayles plies his trade as a cotton buyer. He has lived nearly all his life in Cleveland, Mississippi, and possibly the first word he remembers hearing, after the usual "Mama" and "Daddy" was "cotton." For here cotton is king. As the cotton crop goes, so goes the standard of living in this section.

After graduation from the University of Mississippi in 1940, Mr. Hayles went into the service where, in the 9th Air Force in England and Germany, he served as Squadron Intelligence Officer in a B-26 squadron. He was released from active duty in 1945 as a Major.

Upon leaving the Air Force, Mr. Hayles and a former Air Force buddy returned to Mississippi to engage in cotton farming near Cleveland, but after three seasons as a "planter," he decided to turn to the highly-specialized field of cotton-buying. In a branch office of Anderson-Clayton & Co., the

world's largest cotton buying firm, Mr. Hayles is learning the ropes from his father, who has had 21 years' experience in the business. A good cotton classer can tell at a glance the exact grade and staple, or length, of the cotton fibres he is sampling. Pulling and separating the fibres between the fingers, he lays them along his thumb and determines the length of the sample.

For the past two years, Mr. Hayles has driven the 1949 Nash 600 Model with which he is shown here. The car now has over 70,000 miles to its credit, with a good percentage of them over the rough gravel "turn rows," ditches and furrows of the cotton country. Despite this rough treatment, he says his Nash 600 is still rattle-free and consistently delivers well over 20 miles to the gallon. "It's the ideal farm car," says Hayles, who has used it to haul tractor parts, seed, fertilizer and other farm supplies. It is his "fishing companion," too, with its roomy interior and large trunk to accommodate his fishing gear.



Atomic Police

Several hundred American civilians are doing one of the most important national security protective jobs in the entire country. Twenty-four hours a day, every day, they assure top security to one of the tiniest, mightiest counties in the United States: Los Alamos, headquarters of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commissions' Santa Fe operations office.

Known simply as the Protective Force, a section of the Los Alamos Security Branch, these men maintain a constant vigil over 70,000 acres of rugged New Mexico terrain. All have been specially instructed in their own school. Here they are taught skills ranging from sabotage detection and judo to handling machine guns and tanks. Each man has also been given special training in guarding atomic energy installations.

The Protective Force is comprised of World War II veterans, many with police experience. All are federal employees selected after rigorous screening tests and mental and physical examinations. In order to stay on the Force, every man must continue to get top honors in periodic examinations.

It is the duty of the Protective Force to guard the laboratories, man the gates to the city, patrol the high wire fences and guard towers, and patrol every inch of Los Alamos County. Each member is responsible for detecting and preventing subversive activity, sabotage, destruction, espionage, or any other illegal act which would in any way interfere with or cause atomic information leakage.





One of the Protective Force officers stands guard at the West Gate entrance. Entry is by permit only



A squad of Protective Force inspectors stands inspection before going on duty. Note the quick-draw holsters

*Protective Force inspectors are constantly alert and ready for action.
Tanks are used to command the approaches to Los Alamos*



Patrol planes fly over the entire area, day and night



Two Protective Force inspectors simulate a search-check of a suspicious person near the laboratories



A perimeter patrol guard—one of the force that patrols the 70,000 acre project area—inspects tire tracks



BISHOP NEWELL S. BOOTH

Atlanta, Ga.

Bishop Newell S. Booth of the Methodist Church has spent the last 21 years in Africa as a missionary. Elected a bishop six years ago, he recently visited the United States to attend meetings of the Council of Bishops and the Board of Missions and to "recruit" missionaries for service in his far-flung territories.

He makes his headquarters in Elizabethville in the Belgian Congo but has supervision over Methodist activities in the Congo, Angola, Portuguese East Africa, Southern Rhodesia and the Union of South Africa.

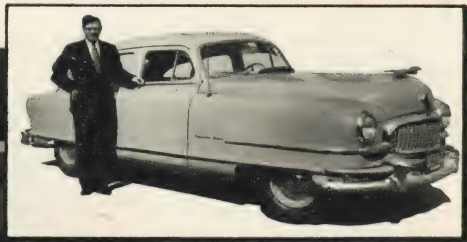
Before leaving Africa on his latest visit to America, he ordered his second Nash . . . a model 68 Ambassador . . . through a dealer in Elizabethville. It was delivered to him upon his arrival and will be shipped to Africa when he returns.

"My territory takes me over some 10,000 miles," the Bishop said. "I travel quite a bit . . . usually in my Nash. I frequently sleep in it when I'm out in the country."

As for lions, he reported that mosquitoes are far more troublesome but with screens in the car windows, even the mosquitoes don't bother very much.

A native of Belchertown, Mass., Bishop Booth received his A.B., S.T.B., and S.T.M. from Boston University and his Ph.D. from Hartford Seminary Foundation. He held charges in the New England Southern Conference which he left to serve in a missionary capacity in Africa.

He is an ardent stamp collector and an enthusiastic amateur photographer. His wife, Mrs. Esma Rideout Booth, accompanies him on his travels, and is currently readying a manuscript which she has written and expects to have published soon.



smiles
along the
road

SEND ALONG A LAUGH

Share it with Nash Airflyte readers and be richer by five dollars. Nash Airflyte pays five dollars for each Smile Along the Road contributed by a reader, and selected for publication. All contributions become the property of Nash Airflyte and none will be returned. Let us hear from you. Send your contribution along to Nash Airflyte Magazine, 431 Howard St., Detroit 31, Mich.

On Your Way

This sign was erected by a farmer who apparently tired of answering the same question over and over.

*Mrs. M. Fithian
Tottenville, New York*

Question and Answer

One sign along the road on a Kansas Highway reads—

Where Will You Spend Eternity?

About 100 yards farther along is one reading—

Dalton Gang Hideout . . . 15 miles

. . . Free Zoo . . . Information.

*H. E. Chrisman
Liberal, Kansas*

Prayer From the Pew

Now I lay me down to sleep;
The sermon's long and the subject deep;

If he gets through before I wake,
Someone give me a gentle shake.

*Mrs. Celia Wells
Blackwell, Oklahoma*

Variation

Sign seen on the back of a honeymoon car:

Till Draft Do Us Part!

*Mrs. Maynard S. Green
Woodville, Wisconsin*

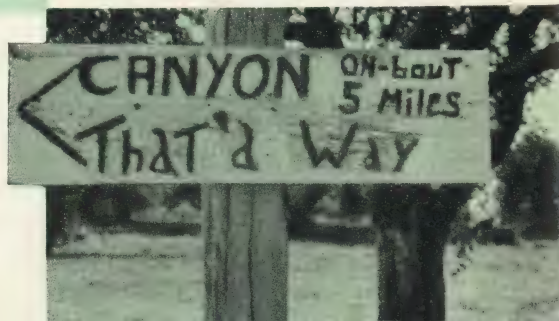
Soft Foods?

A dining room displayed this caution:

NO CALORIES ALOUD

Please Diet In Quiet.

*B. Barto
Lakeland, Florida*



THE GENERAL STORE

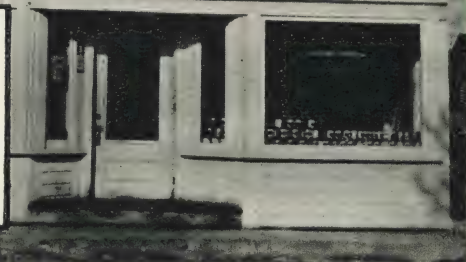
DRY GOODS • WET GOODS • CAN GOODS

HILL GALLAGHER & SON MGR. MR. GALLAGHER PROP.

No Misunderstanding

This photo is of a small store in York Village, Maine.

*Robert Jeeves
Portsmouth, N.H.*



Rueful Request

Be careful when you ask Madame to please remove her hat—
Her hair-do may be pompadour, instead of sleekly flat.

*Irene M. Boylan
Worcester, Mass.*

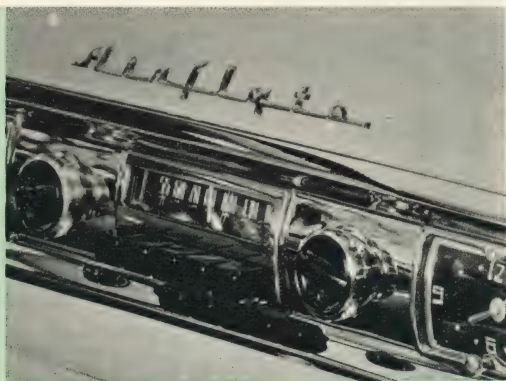
Evolution

A sign in a small Idaho cafe reads:
Love begins with woman in a man's arms, and ends with a woman's arms in a man's sink.

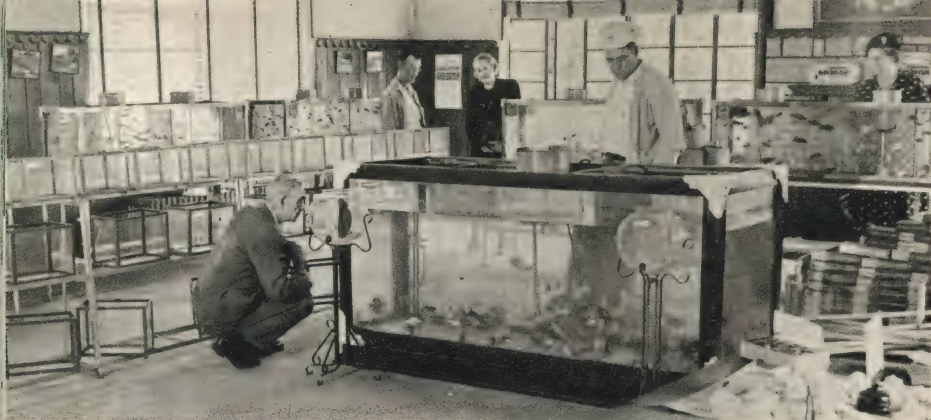
*Seletha A. Brown
Longmont, Colorado*

*For the Finest in
Listening Pleasure*

Nash Airflyte Radio



Wherever you drive . . . in city streets or country highways . . . you get the finest in radio performance with this superb, high-powered receiver. It brings you crystal-clear reception, balanced tone control and fully automatic tuning. It is engineered especially for your Nash and designed to match the smart Airflyte car interior. Can be equipped with either the vacuum or manual control antenna. We'll be glad to demonstrate the Nash Airflyte Long Distance Radio.



The showroom is always of great interest to visitors to Grassyfork Fisheries. In addition to goldfish, water lilies and other aquatic plants are displayed

Golden Midgets PUT ON A SHOW

by J. HOWARD FLORY

Near Martinsville, Indiana, southwest of Indianapolis, a continuous show is in progress, playing to as many as 300,000 spectators a year. The "actors" numbering into the millions, perform in 350 acres of water for the edification and amusement of visitors.

Operations are on a production line basis. Here the goldfish are transferred to sorting pools, preparatory to the grading operation



The "theatre" is the 1,500 acre farm of Grassyfork Fisheries, world's leading producers of goldfish. Here one may observe the life of the shimmering mites from birth to death—all in an hour or two.

In 1899 Eugene Shireman had a swampy farm and an idea. Starting with 200 goldfish, he now markets them by the millions, a staff of 125 people being required to care for them. These "golden midgets" are at home in 645 separate ponds which are fed by natural springs.

Paradoxically, goldfish are not gold in color at birth. They change color at a certain stage in their growth, usually by the end of the first year. A small per cent never change and are sold for fish bait. As in other forms of animal life freaks are found at times—for instance the goldfish which turn out *silver*. The folks at

Grassyyfork are still looking for a pure albino. Perhaps the most famous freak was the Liberty Bond specimen of red, white and blue. This fellow was used widely in bond drives during World War I, and was valued at \$10,000.

They grow them big and healthy at Grassyyfork. A mite which could swim in a thimble soon after birth reaches 8 inches in a few weeks, attributable largely to scientific care and feeding. When born they are given a diet of powdered egg yolk, followed later by hominy hearts. Breeders have been known to reach 12 years of age and the female may lay 75,000 eggs yearly.

Tourists are always intrigued by the "maternity wards" (hundreds of wooden-framed boxes filled with spanish moss held in place by wire webbing). These boxes are placed in the water around the edges of 80 ponds in preparation for the multiple "blessed events." The female deposits the eggs, transparent spheres resembling tiny pearls, into the moss. After they are fertilized by the male, they cling to the nests of moss. Later, the moss is taken to one of the 216 concrete tanks where the hatching takes place. Two ponds in which no fish are found are reserved for the production of DAPHNIAE (water fleas) which are fed to the very young fish.

At Grassyyfork, visitors never tire of studying the habits and antics of the many types of goldfish against a congenial and appropriate background. Here are red telescopes, red fantails, spotted calicos, long-

tailed comets, Japanese nymphs, and even the rare Black Moors.

After careful sorting and counting the fish are shipped to all parts of the country and the world. This is one business which is big, and yet retains a world of color and fascination for those who stop off at this spot in the Hoosier state.

Little did Rear Admiral Daniel Ammen of our navy suspect, in 1878, when he brought the first goldfish here from the Orient, that he was laying the groundwork for a phenomenal project—where young and old can share the wonders of "flowing gold."

After grading, the fish are counted for shipment



The fish are carefully graded according to size before being shipped →

HELPFUL HINTS

FROM
NASH OWNERS

\$ We invite your contributions to this page. If you have a favorite way of performing some ordinary household task, or have discovered a short-cut in the performance of some chore, send it along; it may be worth money. Nash Airflyte Magazine will pay five dollars for each contribution published. Address all contributions to Nash Airflyte Magazine, 431 Howard Street, Detroit 31, Michigan.

Apply a piece of adhesive tape to the wall before driving picture nails and hangers and the plaster is not likely to crack or chip.

*Mrs. Robert A. Schram
Milwaukee, Wisconsin*

When sending coins through the mail, tape them to a strip of cardboard with cellophane tape to prevent their slipping around in the envelope.

*S. C. Clark
Newtonville, Mass.*

To mend small holes in linoleum melt a bit of wax crayon the same color as the pattern and pour it in the hole. When it is smoothed, cover with a coat of shellac.

*Mrs. W. E. Grady
Kokomo, Indiana*

A coat of colorless varnish two or three times a year applied to wire clothes lines will usually keep them from rusting and thus staining the clothes.

*Donald Shilt
Hamilton, Ohio*

An entertaining trick for children's birthday parties is to cover

the table with white paper and furnish each child with crayons. Invite each guest to color his area at the table with a picture and later serve refreshments on the self-designed table cloth.

*Gladys K. Powell
Greely, Colorado*

Giving your bathroom walls a Turkish bath before cleaning or painting will ease the job. Close the doors and windows and fill the bathroom with steam from the hot water faucets. This helps to loosen dirt and grime on the walls and woodwork.

*Mrs. William E. Brown
Williamsport, Pa.*

A simple way to preserve the glitter of costume jewelry and prevent dark marks on the skin is to give the jewelry a coating of colorless finger nail polish.

*Mrs. Earl E. Keith
Cambridge, Ohio*

When carrying knitting needles or scissors in a bag, press small corks on the points to prevent them breaking through the material.

*Mrs. Roy Topper
Pittsburgh, Pa.*

When packing a cake to be carried in a box, stick toothpicks into the tops and sides of the cake. Then wrap wax paper around it; it will touch the toothpicks but not the icing. This keeps the icing from sticking to the paper and box.

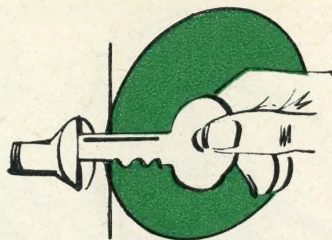
*Mrs. Howard Baldwin
Tarrington, Conn.*

Keep a padded covered brick in the sewing room for pinning down any material that needs to be held taut while hand work is being done.

*Mrs. Irene Garley
Newcastle, Pa.*

Slip a wooden clothes pin through the twine of a heavy shopping bag or bundle to form a handle for easy carrying.

*Dorothy Laughlin
Bremerton, Wash.*



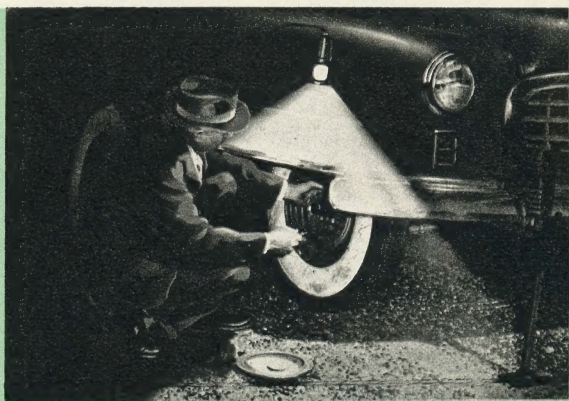
One can easily make a small screw driver from an old key by filing the end of it flat. It can then be carried on your key chain—always ready for emergency use.

*Mrs. Roy Fleeman
Clairfield, Tenn.*

Paint one half of your "darning egg" black and the other white. This makes it easier to darn either light or dark socks and saves eye-strain.

*Margery Burosh
Whiting, Ind.*

Portable TROUBLE LIGHT



You'll find this handy trouble light is a lifesaver when it is necessary to work around your car in the dark. Just plug it into the cigar lighter socket and you can stretch its 12-foot extension cord to any part of the car. The heavily magnetized base holds the light securely in any position on metal.



Beat the Heat!



What a lot of conditioning it takes to keep the modern human cool and comfortable when the sun is doing its best to blister and bake. Lighter clothing and less of it, cool drinks, air conditioning, shady pools, straw hats and sun bonnets . . . all help us cool off and beat the heat.

Your car will repay you generously in good performance if you're careful about its hot weather conditioning. Be sure that Nash service mechanics have a chance to inspect the cooling system, brakes, tires and battery. Lubrication is extremely important in hot weather and always have your Nash conditioned by Nash mechanics . . . the men who know it best.



**HOT
WEATHER
CONDITIONING**

Your Car Needs It Too!

- ★ **COOLING SYSTEM
CHECK-UP**
- ★ **TIRE AND BATTERY
INSPECTION**
- ★ **BRAKE ADJUSTMENT**
- ★ **COMPLETE LUBRICATION**



***YOU CAN'T BEAT
Nash SERVICE***



BRING YOUR *Nash* TO FOLKS WHO KNOW IT BEST

SEC. 34.66 P. L. & R.

U. S. POSTAGE

PAID

DETROIT, MICH.

Permit No. 5548

Howard E Kilborn
906 Bauman Ave
Austin Minn



This Peace of Mind...

The summer months bring with them a peace of mind and a spirit of relaxation that is especially enjoyable when you drive. We suggest the importance of not relaxing to the extent that necessary car services are postponed or skipped. Let us keep your car in good condition.

ENSTAD NASH, INC.

1327 Oakland Ave., W.

Austin, Minn.

Phone 9639

More For Your Cash at Enstad Nash